

TRICKY DICK LOCKWOOD

# Tricky Dick Lockwood

OFFICIAL UNEXPURGATED,  
UNABRIDGED, UNBELIEVABLE  
1970 EDITION

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(1)

## WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

Tune: My Indiana Home

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,  
And the 85s start puffing at Kep Hay,  
You will know your target's just around that mountain  
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull up point and start your pop up,  
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,  
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,  
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running,  
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,  
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,  
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly,  
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,  
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,  
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,  
A drink of water helps you on your way,  
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,  
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,  
But his overtake is much too great today,  
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,  
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play !

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the grutin' and  
the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by  
BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as  
you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in  
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy  
summer day,  
As we pitched up on the target you  
could hear all the gunners say,  
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really  
quite a dog,  
She's known around the country as  
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will  
always smell,  
He'll always be remembered down in  
Fighter Pilots Hell,  
He frags all the targets and sends us  
out to die  
He sends us into combat in  
Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle the grutin' and  
the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the  
BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as  
you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in  
Republic's Ultra Hog !!

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying  
And he never saw the pay that he earned,  
Many jocks have flown into the valley  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.  
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,  
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley  
And today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flack is so thick in the valley,  
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need  
So fly high and down sun in the valley  
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley  
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton  
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.  
In the States it had always been fun,  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
'Twas the last A. A. R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flack toward the target  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,  
We will sit there and tickle the heads,  
For we're going to the Red River Valley  
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!

OUR LEADERS

Tune: Mañana

At Phillips Range in Kansas  
 The jocks all had the knack  
 But now that we're in combat  
 We got Colonels on our back  
 And every time we say "Shit Hot"  
     or whistle in the bar  
 We have to answer to somebody  
 Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, Our leaders,  
 Our leaders is what they always say,  
 But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,  
 It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one  
 And the jocks were scared as Hell.  
 They ran to meet us with a beer  
     and tell us we were swell,  
 But Recce took the B. D. A.,  
 And said we missed a hair.  
 Now we'll catch all kinds of hell  
 From the Wheels at Second Air.

(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches  
 To bomb a bridge and die  
 These tactics are for bombers  
 That our leaders used to fly.  
 The bastards don't trust our Colonel up  
     in Wing, and so I guess,  
 We have to leave the thinking to  
 The Wheels in J. C. S. !

(CHORUS)

The J. C. S. are generals  
 And they're not always right  
 Sometimes they have to think  
     it over  
 Well into the night.  
 When they have a question  
 Or something they can't hack,  
 They have to leave the judgement  
 To that money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger  
 For he's on salary too  
 To be the final say so  
 If something he can't do  
 Before we fly the mission  
 And everything O. K  
 He has to get permission from  
 Flight Leader L. B. J.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up  
And flat on my back  
I lost my poor wingman  
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent  
The sites were all dead,  
Until we rolled in  
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,  
The missiles flashed by  
Sweet Mother of Jesus,  
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit  
I'm going to bust"  
Not one Goddamned Elint  
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots  
And listen to Dad,  
Forget about jinking  
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,  
Their flak reaches far,  
It's a long walk to Takhli,  
And a beer at the bar.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE

Tune: The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty  
clime,  
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack  
of time,  
When up walks this Colonel and says,  
"I suppose  
You're a trained killer by the looks  
of your clothes."  
Well I looked him up once and I looked  
him down twice.  
I could tell by his sneer he weren't  
thinkin' nice,  
So I said in a voice that shook with  
the fear,  
I'm your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place  
in mind  
Where you can go, if you're not blind,  
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,  
I need a man that's good in the clutch."  
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,  
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.  
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found  
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.  
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up  
in twine,  
"This is your bird, now get on your way."  
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn  
my pay.  
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,  
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief  
shout,  
"The oil pressure's low, the water  
don't work,  
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk.

(9)

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders  
Raised up her leg and farted like a man  
The wind from her bloomers, broke  
six windows  
The cheeks of her ass went:  
BAM! BAM! BAM!

(10)

UP IN THAT VALLEY

Tune: Down in the Valley

Up in that valley,  
That valley so low  
Where the SAM missiles flourish,  
And the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,  
The Hanoi rail yard,  
The bridges at Bac Giang  
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,  
And the strike pilots flail,  
The MIGs try to bounce us,  
But they always fail.

The MIG cap he hollers,  
"There's bandits at twelve!"  
"Launch!" screams the Weasel,  
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'  
Right next to my hide,  
All I can hear is,  
"you're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run  
The target's in sight  
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking  
"I'd better break right."

(10) Contd

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,  
What a beautiful sight.  
Oh shit, I just noticed  
An overheat light.  
My heart is a-pumping,  
I know I'm not dead  
Please, God, get this old Thud  
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past  
That muddy old slough,  
The Sandys and Jollys  
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,  
And now I can boast  
The rest I can finish  
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,  
Although I must say,  
I often have seen it,  
] Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley  
That valley of grief  
I hope all your flights there  
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,  
So long to Takhli  
Don't bust your ass, buddy,  
I'm going home free.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site  
 The missile chased the Weasel.  
 The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.  
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where  
 To roll in to displease 'em  
 One more pass with HEI.  
 Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,  
 Did more than just tease 'em.  
 The Russian Techs got all pissed off.  
 Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.  
 We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.  
 They show their ass, we shoot it off.  
 Pop goes the Weasel.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi,  
 Please, don't put my name down.  
 The shooting is bad there.  
 Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,  
 More milling around.  
 Another Brown Anchor,  
 I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay  
 I don't like that much flak.  
 It takes too much damn gas  
 To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,  
 I don't want to get none,  
 Those BUF support missions,  
 They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,  
 Where there are no big guns,  
 I just want to fly where  
 It's easy on my bear.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha  
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha  
One hundred missions we have flown,  
One hundred bridges we have blown,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha  
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha  
From one to one hundred we did count,  
But now one half or more don't count,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha  
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha  
They said they'd give us combat pay,  
And then the bastards took it away,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha  
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha  
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,  
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha  
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha,  
The Weasels fly around alone,  
With half a flight they head for home,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha  
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha  
The force rolls in amidst the flak,  
One half or more won't make it back,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha  
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha  
Not many will return alive,  
Who flew the bloody 105,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE

Tune: Where Have All the Flowers Gone

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
They've all gone to Vietnam.  
When will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
They've all become Viet Cong.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the VC gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the VC gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the VC gone?  
To fix the bridges that we bomb.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time passing.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time ago.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
They've been down, oh, so long.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

(14) Cont'd

Where do all the strike flights go?

Long time passing.

Where do all the strike flights go?

Long time ago.

Where do all the strike flights go?

'Cross the fence again, I know.

Oh, when will they ever learn;

Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?

Long time passing.

Where have all the flak sites gone?

Long time ago.

Where have all the flak sites gone?

Along the railroad, oh, so long.

Oh, when will they ever learn;

Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?

Long time passing.

Where have all the old heads gone?

Long time ago.

Where have all the old heads gone?

They've gone home; their tour is done.

You see, they've finally learned;

Oh, yes, they've finally learned.

(15)

WILD WEASEL

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.

I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.

I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;

I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.

But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.

There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.

There's flak all around us, they're shooting, and how!

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Keep moving, they're shooting, the target's at eight.

Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

(15) Cont'd

A missile, a missile! Let's take it on down.  
Oh, God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.  
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.  
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.  
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.  
I flew c'er the fence, and I've won the big game.  
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.  
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

(16)

12 DAYS OF COMBAT

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

On the first day of combat, the Air Force  
gave to me, a pilot in a teak tree,

On the second day ... 2 rocket pods.

On the third day ... 3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day ... 4 AIM 9's

On the fifth day ... 5 MIGs to chase

On the sixth day ... 6 750's

On the seventh day ... 7 SAMs a singing

On the eighth day ... 8 flak sites firing

On the ninth day ... 9 senators snooping

On the tenth day ... 10 Sandys searching

On the eleventh day ... 11 choppers whirling

On the twelfth day ... 12 pooyings waiting

HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown,  
 There was a pilot of great renown,  
 There was a pilot of great renown,  
 Until he fucked a girl from our town--  
 Fucked a girl from our town--  
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,  
 He laid her in a feather bed, he  
 Laid her in a feather bed,  
 And then he twisted out her maidenhead,  
 Twisted out her maidenhead--  
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,  
 He laid her on a winding stair,  
 He laid her on a winding stair,  
 And -then-he shoved it in clear up to there--  
 Shoved it in clear up to there--  
 Ha, Ha, Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,  
 He laid her down beside a stump,  
 He laid her down beside a stump,  
 And -then-he missed her cunt and split  
 the stump--  
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,  
 He laid her down beside a pond,  
 He laid her down beside a pond,  
 And -then-he fucked her with his magic wand,  
 Fucked her with his magic wand--  
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 He laid her on the dewey grass,  
 And -then-he shoved the old boy up her ass,  
 Shoved the old boy up her ass  
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

(17) Cont'd

He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countrysidē,  
He took her to the countryside,  
And-then-he fucked the girl until she died,  
Fucked the girl until she died,  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He took her to the Burial Ground,  
He took her to the Burial Ground,  
He took her to the Burial Ground,  
And-then-he thought he'd have another round,  
Thought he'd have another round,  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

(18)

I WANTED WINGS ((S. E. A. Version))

I've been alive  
Twenty years, plus four or five,  
And I've tried many a pursuit.  
I went to pilot school,  
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,  
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded  
And like a fool I made it.  
Then they made me number four,  
And then they sent me off to war,

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief  
Is just twenty tons of grief  
The dirty sons-of-bitches  
Filled it with three hundred switches.

Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive  
They taught me to survive  
At a place nestled in the hills  
They fed me procupine,  
And other goodies fine  
Pemmican to cure all my ills

And in three weeks I had made it.  
They said I'd graduated  
Well, buddy, if that's livin'  
Think that I'll just give in,  
Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training  
In the snow, and when it's raining.  
I'd rather be a weenie  
With my tootie and martini,

Buster

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay,  
But I cannot get away.  
In Hanoi they all love parades.  
Each day we tak a walk  
Through Hanoi's Central Park  
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mannas  
Dressed us all in black pajamas,  
Spectators, they just sit there,  
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there.

Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105  
I'd much rather stay alive  
The lousy afterburner  
Gets you north just that much sooner,  
Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are just in jest;  
Thud drivers are best,  
At flying 'n chasing women, too.  
The goods they deliver  
Are sure to make Ho shiver,  
And wish to hell this was was through.  
And for some it is all over.  
They lie down neath the clover,  
For they did go down in flames,  
But we will not forget their names,  
Buster.

They wanted wings  
And they've truly got their wings,  
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations  
For those heaven-bound formations,  
If they don't like it, well  
They can split-S down to Hell,  
Buster.

They wanted wings  
And they've truly got their wings,  
And they will wear them evermore.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls were like  
fish in the ocean.  
And I were a whale I would teach  
them emotion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh  
roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the  
moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells  
in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang  
by the hour.

Oh, if all little girls were like  
fish in the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd sure  
make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep  
in the pasture.  
And I were a ram I'd make them  
run faster.

Oh, if all little girls were like  
little white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them  
bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little  
red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would  
fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like  
Hedy Lamarr  
I'd try twice as hard and get twice  
as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows  
in the clover  
And I were a bull I would chase  
them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like  
little white flowers  
And I was a bee I would buzz them  
for hours.

Oh, if all little girls were like  
little white chickens  
And I was a rooster I'd give them  
the dickens.

Oh, if all little girls were like  
little ole turtles  
And I was a turtle I'd get in  
their girdles.

Of, if all little girls were like  
Gypsy Rose Lee  
And I were her G-String oh, boy  
what I'd see.

Oh, if all little girls were like  
nurses who would  
And I were a doctor I would if I  
could.

I wish little girls were like little  
white rabbits  
And I were a buck and I'd teach  
them bad habits.

I wish all young girls were like  
statues of Venus  
And I were a man with a  
petrified penis.

I wish all young girls were like  
bats in a steeple  
And I were a bat there'd be more  
bats than people.

I wish all young girls were like  
mountain road passes  
And I were a sports car I'd buzz  
all their asses

(19) Cont'd

I wish all young girls were like  
diamonds and rubies  
And I were a jeweler I'd polish  
their boobies

I wish all young girls were like  
B-29s  
And I were a fighter pilot, I'd  
buzz their behinds.

I wish all young girls were like  
strawberry patches  
And I were a farmer I'd harvest  
their snatches.

I wish all young girls were like  
fish in a pool  
And I were a shark with a waterproof  
tool.

I wish all young girls were like  
fish in the ocean  
And I were a wave I'd show them  
the motion.

I wish all young girls were like  
trees in a forest  
And I were a woodsman I'd split  
their clitorias.

I wish all young girls were like  
bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them  
in style.

I wish all young girls were like mares in a  
stable  
And I were a groom I'd mount all  
I was able.

Oh, if all little girls were bricks in  
a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them  
in style.

WOODPECKER SONG

Tune: Dixie

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,  
 Take it out, take it out, take it out,  
 Remove it.

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole  
 And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,  
 Put it back, put it back, put it back,  
 Replace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 The woodpecker said God bless my soul,  
 Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,  
 Revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,  
 In and out, in and out, in and out,  
 Reciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,  
 Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,  
 Retract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
 And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,  
 Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell,  
 Revolting.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi  
 Who loves a fighter crew  
 She runs the Hanoi Hilton  
 And she longs to welcome you.  
 Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh  
 He has a long goatee  
 And if you greet him nicely,  
 He will let you stay for free.

(21) Cont'd

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,  
And I'll give you a hunch,  
I don't want to meet her family,  
Cause they're such a nasty bunch.  
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast,  
And fish heads and rice for tea.  
But so long as they don't catch me.  
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom  
Or you may fly a Thud,  
But if you fly to Hanoi  
Better listen to me Bud.  
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,  
Or Los Angeles and such,  
But the yellow rose of Hanoi  
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS: DaNang Lullabye  
Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.  
Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia  
To fight my own war in the air.  
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,  
I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat  
Then have a beer when I return.  
I usually finish the first one,  
Before incoming rounds are heard.

Each morning we go off to combat,  
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.  
The Gyreens are up even sooner,  
To recapture the ramp at DaNang.

And now my tour is all over  
I'll resume the life that I led  
My wife thinks that its rather silly,  
To put sandbags around our bed.

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

We've been working on the railroad  
 Every fucking day,  
 We've been working on the railroad  
 Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,  
 No rolling stock or switches,  
 But Seventh frags us on the railroad,  
 Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAMs galore, 57's too,  
 85's will scragg your old Yazoo!  
 Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too,  
 So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,  
 Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o  
 Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,  
 Shouting on the radio.

Shouting Fee, Fi Fiddly - I - O  
 Fee, Fi Fiddly I - O, oh, oh, oh,  
 Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh,  
 Only 99 more to go.

#1 CLISMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,  
 Bull frogs singing in the choir,  
 Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho  
 It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawling across the cold bare floor,  
 Fliled lice cooking on the stove,  
 Tee Locks kissing neath the mistle toe,  
 It's Melly Clismas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,  
 Garlic breath gets in my way.  
 VC's roasting in a napalm fire.  
 Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,  
 Napalm rising at their feet,  
 I drooped it low, but they went too slow,  
 Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

(23) Cont'd

VC making love near rice paddy,  
Tee Locks eyes are all aglow,  
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,  
Tee Lock screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,  
Chappie joined him over there,  
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,  
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight.....

(24)

SONG OF THE WOLF PACK

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack  
Go to the briefing room  
The mission is a good one  
To the MIGs it will mean doom  
We're going up to Hanoi  
To Kep and Phuc Yen too  
To write our bloody record  
In the annals of the blue.

We take off in our Phantoms  
To play our deadly cards  
The engines make our thunder  
And our eyes are steely hard.  
We're on the way to battle  
The forces of the foe  
We're certain to destroy them  
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the sky.  
We cycle through the tanker  
The tension starts to rise  
We go to meet our destiny  
Awaiting in the skies  
We turn and arm our missiles  
As we streak across the black  
Our boss is in the forefront  
Leading the Wolf Pack

(24) Cont'd

We're showing on their radar  
Their hearts are full of hate  
They rise to meet the challenge  
To meet their bloody fate  
They're headed for disaster  
As any fool can tell  
They dare to face the Wolf Pack  
We'll shoot them clear to hell.

We battle today and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the Sky.

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"  
They're MIGs, a flight of two  
I'm too close for the sparrow  
The sidewinder will do.  
I'll roll into the six o'clock  
Behind the trailing MIG  
and let him have a missile  
Just like a fiery GIG.

Oh other flights engaged more MIGs  
Hot action filled the air  
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated  
Before heading for their lair.  
The enemy won't soon forget  
The awesome deadly toll  
As the 8th Wing troops return to base  
And make their victory rolls.

We battle today and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the Sky.

(25)

IF YOU FLY

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?  
Did you go BOOM today?  
Two more blew up yesterday  
G. E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eight-nine  
You must be deaf, dumb and blind  
For you life ain't worth a dime  
What's you scheduled blow up time?

(25) Cont'd

CHORUS:

If you fly a Ninety-four  
You will never holler no more  
For your lot we do not pine  
It's better than an Eight-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eight-six  
You will really get your kicks  
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys  
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101  
Tell yourself its really fun  
One day it will pitch up with you  
And you will wish you never flew.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102  
Don't go up unless its blue  
For if you feel one drop of rain  
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 104  
The whole world flocks to your door.  
Range is short, the wings don't last  
But golly it sure does fly fast.

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief  
You will soon shake like a leaf  
Flying it may make you stick  
It handles like a great big brick.

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phantom Two  
You're flying days will soon be through  
It flies at twice the speed of sound  
If you can get it off the ground.

(26)

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named  
Adeline Schmidt  
She went to the doctor cause she  
couldn't shit  
He gave her some medicine all  
wrapped up in glass  
Up went the window and out went  
her ass.

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown, shit  
falling down  
Brown, brown, shit all around  
It was brown, brown, shit  
falling down  
The whole world was covered with  
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

A handsome young copper was  
walking his beat  
He happened to be on that side  
of the street  
He looked up so bashful, he  
looked up so shy  
And a great gob of shit hit him  
right in the eye.

The handsome young copper, he  
cursed and he swore  
He called that young maiden a  
dirty old whore  
'Neath London bridge he is now  
forced to sit  
With a sign round his neck saying  
"blinded by shit".

NAPALM

Tune: Good Ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea  
 I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
 When I spied a farmer with his pitchfork in his hand  
 It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad  
 It was sad when my napalm went down  
 (hit the farmer)  
 There were husbands and wives  
 Itty bitty children lost their lives  
 It was sad when my napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC  
 I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
 When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go,  
 It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad,  
 It was sad when those rockets went down  
 (hit the steeple)  
 All the people ran like hell,  
 When those rockets hit the bell,  
 It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thai Nuygen when I knew I was through  
 The 37s and 57s had shot my turbine through  
 It was sad when I hit the silk, oh my God, I strained my milk,  
 It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad,  
 It was sad when that pilot went down  
 (hit the bottom)  
 There were husbands and wives  
 Itty bitty children lost their lives  
 It was sad when that pilot went down.

ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge  
 All covered with flak  
 I lost my poor wingman  
 He'll never get back.

For flying's a pleasure  
 And dying a grief  
 And a quick triggered Commie  
 Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you  
 And take all you save  
 But a quick triggered Commie  
 Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you  
 And turn you to dust  
 Not a Commie in a thousand  
 Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather  
 Keeps the ships down  
 All day we can hear this  
 Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots  
 Now listen to this  
 There'll be a short meeting  
 That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures  
 Then give us some more  
 But we have all heard them  
 Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees  
 You can't fight the group  
 Whatever they tell you  
 Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story  
 Is easy to see  
 Don't go to Haiphong  
 Or old Quang Khe

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

There was a young man from Boston  
 Who traded his car for an Austin  
 There was room for his ass and a  
 gallon of gas  
 But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

CHORUS: Ay, Ay, Yi, Yi  
 In China they never eat Chili  
 So sing me another verse  
 That's worse than the other verse  
 And waltz me around again Willie

There was a young man from Dundee  
Who buggered an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid, all  
    ass and no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class  
Whose balls were made of brass  
When they swung together, they  
    played Stormy Weather  
And lighting shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was the world's champion farter  
On the strength of one bean, he  
    played God Save the Queen  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the moon  
He had not the luck, to be born  
    by a fuck  
But was a wet dream scooped up  
    in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge  
And he was his parents disparage  
He sucked off his brother, and went  
    down on his mother  
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was pilot from K-2  
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu  
He said to the Doc, as he handed him  
    his cock  
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste  
Who loved his wife with a zest  
Despite all her howls, he sucked her  
    bowels  
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam  
With his hand on the butt of his  
    madam  
He chuckled with mirth, for he  
    knew on this earth  
There were only two balls and  
    he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named  
    Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of  
    a shit  
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno  
Said fucking is one think I do know  
All women are fine, and sheep  
    are divine  
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from  
    New Brighton  
Who said my dear you've a tight one  
Said she pon my soul, you have  
    the wrong hole  
It's the one up in front that's the  
    right one.

There was a man from St. James  
Who played most unusual games  
He lit a match to his grandmother's  
    snatch  
And laughed as she pissed through  
    the flames.

There was a man named McGruder  
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda  
Now the nude thought it crude, to  
    be wooed in the nude  
But McGruder was cruder, he  
    screwed her.

There was a young bishop from  
Birmingham  
Who diddled nuns while confirmin'  
'em  
He brought them indoors, slipped  
down their drawers  
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from  
Nottingham  
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts  
and the punts  
And the tricks of the pricks that  
were fuckin' 'em.

There was a young man from Kildair  
Who buggered his girl on the stairs  
The bannister broke, he doubled the  
stroke  
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young queer from Khartuom  
Who took a young lesbian to his room  
They argued all night, as to who had  
the right  
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Mall  
Who possessed a cylindrical ball  
The cube root of its weight, plus his  
penis times eight  
Was four/fifths of five/eights of  
fuck all.

There was a young girl from St. Paul  
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
Her dress caught on fire, and  
burned her entire  
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back, and tickled  
her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from  
Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could  
suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped  
off his chin  
If my ear were a cunt I could  
fuck it.

There once was a young man  
from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble, he put  
it in double  
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a  
phallus  
They found her vagina, in South  
Carolina  
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a girl from France  
Who boarded a train by chance  
The engineer fucked her, and so'd  
the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his  
pants.

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his prick, turned the  
clay into brick  
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail  
Between her tits was the price of  
her tail  
And on her behind, for the sake of  
the blind  
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street, would not  
eat the green meat  
That hung in festions from her  
drawers.

(29) Cont'd

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who as the Bishop withdrew  
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a licker  
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee  
Who went in the garden to pee  
He said Pax Vo Biscum, I can't make the piss come  
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle  
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle  
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Brock  
Who tied a violin string to his cock  
With just one erection, he could play a selection  
From Johan Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom  
Who had it three times in a hansom  
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor  
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling  
Who went to the dentist for a drilling  
But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity  
And now she's nursing her filling.

(30)

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Tune: Bless them all

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter rotate  
They are scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain  
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just give me operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old

(30) Cont'd

Don't give me a P-39  
The engine is mounted behind  
They'll tumble and spin and auger  
    you in  
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a P-51  
It was alright for fighting the hun  
But with condant tank dry, you'll  
    run out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a peter four oh  
It's a hell of an airplane I know  
A ground looping bastard, you're  
    sure to get plastered  
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-61  
For night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm  
    scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84  
She's just a ground loving whore  
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and  
    she'll clobber the trees  
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,  
It gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug and it flies like  
    it too  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star  
It'll go, but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will  
    flame out  
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86  
With wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but  
    as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89  
Tho' TIME says they'll really climb  
They're all in the States, all  
    boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94  
It's never established a score  
It may fly in weather, but won't  
    hold together  
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D  
With rockets, radar and A/B  
She's fast, I don't care, she  
    blows up in mid air  
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45  
So slow it stalls out in a dive  
A ground loop built in it, and bird  
    colonels in it  
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54  
Six inches of rugs on the floor  
And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here  
    to Manhattan  
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45  
The pilots don't get back alive  
The MIG-15s chase 'em, they soon  
    will erase them  
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a one-double-O  
The bastard is ready to blow  
The A/B is there, but you're  
    saying a prayer  
Don't give me a one-double-O

Don't give me an F-102  
It never goes up when it's blue  
An all weather coffin, that  
    flames out so often  
Don't give me an F-102

(31)

### THE COED AND THE CADET

The coed and the cadet were courting I declare,  
Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there  
Oh the coed she was bashful and the cadet he was shy  
He asked her if he could and this was her reply:

You can do it if you wanna  
But you'd better do it right,  
You'd better not do it  
Like you did the other night,  
Cause if you do, I'm telling you  
I'll never let you do it again  
I really mean it,  
I'll never let you kiss me again.

(32)

### A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman  
Is like a ship without a sail  
Is like a boat without a rudder  
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman  
Is like a shipwreck on the sand  
But if there's one thing worse in this universe  
It's a woman, I said a woman  
I mean a woman without a man.

For you can roll a silver dollar  
Cross the bar room floor  
And it will roll, because it's round  
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got  
Until she turns him down.

So honey listen, now honey listen to me  
I want you to understand  
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand  
While a woman goes from man to man.

THE LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening  
 The guests were all leaving  
 O'Leary was closing the bar  
 When he turned and he said to the lady in red  
 "Get out, you can't stay where you are."  
 She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
 As she thought of the cold night ahead  
 When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper  
 And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her  
 The things a young girl should know  
 About the ways of Air Force men  
 And how they come and go, mostly go.....  
 Now age has taken her beauty  
 And sin has left its sad scar  
 So remember your mothers and sisters boys,  
 And let her sleep under the bar.

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain  
 From flushing toilets while the train  
 Is standing in the station, I love you  
 As we go strolling through the park  
 And goosing statues in the dark  
 If Sherman's horse can stand it  
 Why can't you.  
 You're the guy that did the pushing  
 Put the wet spots on the cushion  
 Foot prints on the dashboard upside down  
 Ever since you met my daughter  
 She's had trouble passing water  
 Wish that you had never come to town.  
 I'M the guy that did the pushing  
 Put the wet spots on the cushion  
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down.  
 Since I met your daughter Venus  
 I've had trouble with my penis  
 Wish I'd never seen your goddamn town.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force  
We're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work  
Just fly around all day  
While others work and study  
And soon grow old and blind  
We take to the air without a care  
And you will never mind.

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
So come and join the Air Force  
And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted  
As high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train  
If you're an Air Force flier  
And when you get to General, you will surely find  
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in  
But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it  
And with an awful tear  
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in  
But you will never mind  
For in about two minutes more  
Another pair you'll find  
You'll dance with Pete and his angel's sweet  
But you will never mind.

While flying the Pacific  
You hear the engine spit  
You watch the tach come to a stop  
The goddam thing has quit  
The ship won't float, and you can't swim  
Oh what a dish for dainty fish  
But you will never mind.

While flying over Laos  
In a Thunderchief  
There's one thing to remember  
And that's my firm belief  
I've only got one engine, Jack  
And if that bastard quits

(35) Cont'd

It'll be up there by itself  
Cause I will shit and git.

And if some wily MIG 21  
Should shoot you down in flames  
Don't sit around and bellyache  
And call the bastard names  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and ~~milk~~  
And pretty soon you'll find  
There is no hell and all is well  
And you will never mind.

(36)

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT

(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer  
('Twas prior to a raid)  
The jocks were hung over  
From screwing the maid.

So with canopies open  
And heads hung in grief  
Their sorrows were many  
Their crew rest too brief.

The mission commander  
By some marvelous feat  
Got them all to the Anchor --  
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds  
Spread in "pod" -- Quite a force  
The Phantoms moved in  
Like the old Trojan Horse

The MIGs had been scrambled  
Were headed out east  
But the gunners are hosing  
Eight-fives at our beast.

Why the hell should they hate me  
I cried in dismay  
I'm egressing, you bastards  
So play it my way.

(36) Cont'd

But my cry went unheeded  
As our bird took a hit  
And I knew there and then  
Things had just turned to shit

Tho' my chances were nil  
There was fuck else to do  
But head for the Black  
With our whole fuckin' crew.

So in anger, and pissed  
Did we drop the whole load  
And the cock-suckin' gunner's  
Kids, wife and abode.

There was no goddamn grief  
As I cried out with glee  
Eat your heart out, you bitch  
For you'll never get me.

So with eighty per cent  
(That was all we could get)  
We headed for North Point  
With hopes of a TET.

But 'twas mostly in vain  
As we swung past the Red -  
I knew that my ass  
Was fuckin' near dead.

Cause Yen Bay came alive  
Like the Fourth of July  
The flak was so thick  
That I wanted to cry.

As my two three and four  
Broke down, left, then right  
Leaving us solo  
In the dwindling light.

Well ol' buddy, my number one  
GIB says to me  
"It looks like there's just  
Gonna be me and thee.

"And with your goddamn luck  
We should punch out at ten  
So the rest of the fall  
We can take with a grin.

"For I just know goddamn well  
As I sit here in fright  
That both fuckin' chutes  
Were packed wrong last night.

"And I want you to know!"  
He hastened to add,  
"That in case we don't make it  
Please don't get mad.

"It isn't my fault  
That the pod didn't work  
I told you that twice,  
You dumb fuckin' jerk.

"A tank didn't feed,  
The doppler was short,  
(you said) we'll get our counter  
No matter what.

"Well, you've got your first counter  
It may be the last  
Unless this old whore  
Can take one more blast."

Shut your trap, and eject  
Was the word of the day,  
So we punched, not at ten  
But at two, so they say....

BROWN ANCHOR

Tune: Oh Susanna

The phone did ring at half past four  
 For briefing I weren't there  
 Get your ass here right away  
 You've been elected spare.

Oh Brown Anchor  
 With my two hour ass  
 A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
 Oh, leader go home fast!"

I was sitting by the runway  
 And feeling mighty low  
 Bear four, you've got a hydraulic leak  
 I guess I'll have to go.

Oh Brown Anchor  
 With my two hour ass  
 A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
 Oh, leader go home fast.

I guess I told a little lie  
 It probably wasn't fair  
 It was my only chance to say  
 Bear spare is in the air.

Oh Brown Anchor  
 With my two hour ass  
 A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
 Oh, leader go home fast.

It was raining out when we took off  
 Night weather we did fly  
 A rendezvous at nineteen thou  
 My tanks were nearly dry.

Oh Brown Anchor  
 With my two hour ass  
 A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
 Oh, leader go home fast.

As we climbed out I had to fart  
 My belly it did swell  
 I had to put my mask back on  
 I couldn't stand the smell.

Oh Brown Anchor  
 With my two hour ass  
 A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
 Oh, leader go home fast.

They're 12 o'clock at 5 miles  
 You're cleared refueling freq  
 "Tally-ho" our flight lead cried  
 And head-on we did meet.

Chorus:

We hung out at 14 thou  
 The burner going strong  
 The flak came flying by my bow  
 We can't hang out here long.

Chorus.

Oh I pulled off the target  
 And for BDA looked back  
 I couldn't see the bomb burst  
 For the son-of-a-bitchin' flak.

Chorus.

Finally got my hundred flown  
 To the States I'm flying back  
 Six more hours on my ass  
 And then into the sack.

No more Brown Anchor  
 For my two hour ass  
 Get that clip right off my dick  
 And jump in bed right fast.

I opened my hold baggage  
 My wife she sure did flip  
 I hope that she will understand  
 I just adopted "Nip".

I rolled over with a sigh  
 Bed springs were sagging low  
 But a mark upon the wall  
 Only 99 to go.

DOWNTOWN

When you got a belly full of bravo's  
 And skyspots you can always go  
 Downtown.  
 When you 've been drinkin' and "cancel"  
 You're thinking, you are sure to go  
 Downtown.  
 Listen to the music of the Fan Songs  
 Softly singing  
 Look and see the contrails of the  
 MIGs so swiftly winging  
 Sweat out the booze  
 The flak is much blacker there  
 It shakes up the pilots  
 It shakes up the bears  
 To go downtown  
 Tried flying fast and slow  
 Downtown  
 Tried flying high and low  
 Downtown  
 Everything's shooting at you.

Look and see the airfields with their  
 Runways so inviting  
 See the interceptors coming up to  
 Join in the fighting  
 Get out of here  
 SAMs are much thicker there  
 Come up in singles  
 Come up in pairs  
 Downtown  
 Everything's waiting for you.

Just when it seems 100 come quickly  
 You can always go  
 Downtown  
 Somehow the feeling in your stomach  
 Gets sickly when you have to go  
 Downtown  
 Crew Chiefs launch their aircraft with  
 A pride and care amazing.  
 Proudly watch the Thunderchiefs, their  
 Afterburners blazing  
 They're going again  
 Our buddies are jailed up there

We still remember and we  
 Still all care  
 So we go  
 Downtown  
 Till it is o'er and done  
 Downtown  
 Till it is through and won  
 Downtown  
 Everything's waiting for you.

AIR CORPS LAMENT

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the  
fighting sky.

With hearts that laughed at death and lived for  
nothing but to fly.

But now these hearts are grounded and those days  
are long gone by,  
The force is shot to Hell.

CHORUS: Glory--flying regulations have them read  
at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks them  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played  
the angel's game,  
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled  
our way to fame,  
But know that's all VERBOTEN and we're all to  
gash-darn tame,  
The force is Shot To Hell

CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of  
that  
The force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Have you ever claimbed a Thunderchief up to where  
the air is thin ?  
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear  
the screaming din ?  
Have you tried to do it lately ?  
Better not--you'll auger in,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the  
days of old  
When pilots took their choice of being old or  
"young and bold"  
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite  
old,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may  
still be wet  
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have  
not been set,  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and  
really let  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

My bones have felt their pounding thump and hundred  
thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly  
wrong.  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes  
were dancing flame,  
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that  
blasted Hanoi's name,  
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their  
heads in shame,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged thunderchiefs through a  
living hell of flak  
And bloody diving pilots gave their lives to bring  
them back  
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations  
Shack  
The Force is Shot to Hell

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the  
Liberators, too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails  
in the blue,  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are  
wet with dew  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings  
of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your  
heart could feel,  
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin',  
groanin', squeal,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang  
the fighting song,  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when  
men were strong,  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may  
do wrong  
The Force is Shot to Hell

(40)

### FLAK SHOWERS

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
My fuel is BINGO, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight you may  
Stay and fight alone.  
I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day  
So keep on strafing that position  
And knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

(41)

### MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits  
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice  
Do a double flip and cath them on her tits  
She's a great big sonofabith, twice as big as me  
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane,  
    drive a truck  
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

(42)

### HERE'S TO

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_ he's true blue  
He's a drunkard through and through  
He's a drunkard so they say  
Oh, he tried to go to heaven  
But he went the other way  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
    chug-a-lug  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
    chug-a-lug

CALL OUT THE RESERVES

In peacetime the Regulars are happy  
 In peacetime they're happy to serve  
 But let them get into a fracas  
 They'll call out the Goddamn Reserves

CHORUS:

Call out, call out  
 Call out the Goddamn Reserves, Reserves  
 Call out, call out  
 Oh, call out the Goddamn Reserves

Here's the the Regular Air Force  
 They have such a wonderful plan  
 They call up the Goddamn Reservists  
 Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up every young man  
 They call up every old jock  
 The Reservists are sent to Korat  
 The Regulars stay in Bangkok.

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
 With medals and badges galore  
 If it weren't for the Goddamn Reservists  
 Their ass would be dragging the floor.

VIRGIN STURGEON

Tune: Ruben, Ruben

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon  
 Virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish  
 Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'  
 That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad roe comes from a scarlet shad fish  
 Shad fish have a very sad fate  
 Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish  
 Got that way without a mate.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves  
 They have youngsters in their shell  
 How they diddle is a riddle  
 But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy  
 With her lover's winning ways  
 First he grips her with his flipper  
 Then he flips her and grips for days.

DA NANG LULLABYE

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,  
 My God how the mortars roll in, roll in  
 Roll in, roll in,  
 My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia  
 To fight my own war in the air  
 I've spent half my tour in a bunker  
 I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat  
 Then have a beer when I return  
 I usually finish the first one  
 Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat  
 At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain  
 The Gyreens are up even sooner  
 To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over  
 I'll resume the life that I led.  
 My wife thinks that its rather silly  
 To put sandbags around the bed.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85MM GUNNER

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the force  
 And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till he is hoarse  
 "Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job to do"  
 The Thuds are coming in.

(46) Cont'd

CHORUS:

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun I stand  
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense of this land  
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call grand  
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit  
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like it one damn bit  
If they miss me this last time I think that I shall quit  
The Thuds are coming in.

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell  
Each day they scare us shitless in a way we know so well  
Our Commie Satan he stands up, you hear that bastard yell  
The Thuds are coming in.

(47)

#### THE LITTLE BIRD

There once was a bird, no bigger than a turd  
A sittin' on a telegraph pole  
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a peck  
As he puckered up his little ass hole  
Ass hole, ass hole, ass hole, ass hole,  
As he puckered up his little ass hole.

(48)

#### FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone  
I work at the weaver's trade  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong  
Was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the summer time  
Part of the winter too,  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong  
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside  
As I lay fast asleep,

(48) Cont'd

This pretty, pretty maid  
Knelt by my bedside  
And there she began to weep.  
She wept, she cried  
She damn near died  
Alas, what could I do  
So I took her into bed  
And covered up her head  
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year has gone by  
Still a bachelor am I  
And I work at the weaver's trade  
Comes a-knocking at my door  
It's a voice I've heard before,  
It's the voice of the fair young maid.  
She handed me a little one  
She said, "What can I do?"  
So I took him into bed  
Just to cover up his head  
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son.  
We work at the weaver's trade,  
And every, every time I look into his eyes  
He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time,  
Part of the summer too,  
Of the many, many times that I gazed into her eyes  
To shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

(49)

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't anymore,  
A lady came in, she asked for a hat  
I asked her what kind she adored  
Felt she said, so felt her I did  
I did, but I don't work there anymore.

Cake - Layer  
Lamp - Floor  
Food - Pet  
Birds - Love  
Glue - Paste

Scarf - Neck  
Cream - Massage  
Girdle - Rubber  
Razor - Injector

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory  
The captain he rides in the gig  
It don't go a damn bit faster,  
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS:

Singing toraly, toraly, toraly A  
Toraly, toraly A  
It don't go a damn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of a camel  
Is greater than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He often makes love to the sphinx

Now the sphinx's posterior organs  
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the jump on the camel  
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation,  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog  
Cannot be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard  
Do like the boys at Yale  
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog  
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams  
And here's to the streets that they roam  
And here's to their dirty faced bastards  
God bless them, they may be our own.

Here's to old fort Massachusetts  
And here's to the old Mohawk trail  
And here's to those Indian maidens  
They gave us our first piece of tail.

INTO THE AIR 69ERS

Into the air 69ers, into the air upside down  
 Into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's go down,  
 We'll all go down.

And when we see those bastard Commies  
 And when we make them shit a pound,  
 You can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, on to your back "soisante-neuf"  
 We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers,  
 And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof  
 And when you see those "golf balls" flying,  
 And the flak begins to blast,  
 You can bet the 69ers  
 Will bite 'em in the ass!

TING-A-LING

Beside a Laotian waterfall  
 One bright and sunny day  
 Beside his shattered Thunderchief  
 A young pursuitor lay.

His parachute hung from a tree,  
 He was not yet quite dead  
 So listen to the very last words  
 This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land  
 Where everything is right  
 Where whiskey flows from telephone poles  
 There's poker every night.  
 There's not a fucking thing to do  
 But sit around and sing  
 Were girls are really women  
 Oh, death where is thy sting.

Oh, death were is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling  
 Oh, death where is thy sting  
 The balls of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling  
 For you but not for me...so:

Ting-a-ling-aling, blow it out your ass  
 Ting-a-ling-aling, blow it out your ass.  
 Ting-a-ling-aling, blow it out your ass  
 Better days are coming bye and bye.

BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories  
Some girls work in stores  
My girl works in a knockin' shop  
With forty other whores.

CHORUS:

Bang it into Lulu  
Bang it good and strong  
What'll we do for banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a pisspot  
Under Lulu's bed  
Every time she stooped to pee  
I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger  
On Lulu's little hand  
Every time she wiped her ass  
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby  
She had it on a rock  
She couldn't call it Lulu  
Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby  
She named it Sonny Jim  
She threw it in the pisspot  
To teach it how to swim

Last time I saw Lulu  
I haven't see her since  
She was suckin' off a tiger  
Through a barbed wire fence.

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING

Tune: Strawberry Roan

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old  
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold  
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea  
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn  
The weather was balmy, but not really warm  
We soon left the coastline, and headed to sea  
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more  
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore  
Where there was supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you have guess it, no one was there  
Northing around, but ocean and air  
We called and we called, but it was in vain  
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,  
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,  
T'was beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue  
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch  
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch  
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,  
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more,  
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore,  
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low,  
I backed off again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,  
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,  
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,  
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled  
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed.  
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel  
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose  
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose,  
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel",  
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,  
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."  
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,  
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win".

(54) Cont'd

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,  
That old F-105 lies out in the bay,  
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life,  
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

(55)

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So lets have a party.

RAY - SHIT HOT

We're going to tear down the bar in our club  
We're going build us a NEW bar

BOO  
RAY

It's gonna be a foot wide  
But it'll be a mile long

BOO  
RAY

There'll be no bartenders in our bar  
We're gonna have BARMAIDS

BOO  
RAY

Our barmaids will wear long dresses  
Made out of CELLOPHANE

BOO  
RAY

You can't take our barmaids home  
They'll take YOU home

BOO  
RAY

You can't sleep with our barmaids  
They won't let you sleep

BOO  
RAY

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass  
Whiskey free

BOO  
RAY

Only one to a customer  
Served in buckets

BOO  
RAY

We're gonna throw all the beer in the river  
Then we'll all go swimming

BOO  
RAY

No girls allowed above the first floor  
With their clothes on

BOO  
RAY

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor  
And no dancing on the LOVING floor

BOO  
RAY

SHANTY TOWN

There's a shanty in the town on a little plot of ground  
 With the green grass growin' all around, all around  
 The roof's so worn so badly torn that it tumbles to the ground  
 Just a tumble down shack and it's built way back  
 'Bout twenty-five feet from the railroad track  
 Lingers on my mind most all of the time  
 Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack.

I'd be just as sassy as Haile Salassie  
 If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing  
 Put my boots on tall, read the writing on the wall,  
 And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a Goddamn thing  
 There's a queen waiting there in a rocking chair  
 Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer  
 I'm looking all around, and trucking on down  
 'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me before he died  
 And I don't think the bastard lied  
 That he had a girl with a cunt so wide  
 That she could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel  
 Two brass balls and a prick made of steel  
 The two brass balls were filled with cream  
 And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
 In and out went the prick of steel  
 Until at least that maiden cried  
 Enough, enough, I'm satisfied.

Now we come to the bitter bit  
 There was no way of stopping it  
 She was split from her ass to her tit  
 And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

Not a soul down on the corner  
 It's a pretty certain sign  
 Those wedding bells are breaking up  
 That old gang of mine.

All the boys are singing love songs  
 They've forgot Sweet Adeline  
 Those wedding bells are breaking up  
 That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jill  
 Down through lovers lane  
 Now and then, we meet again  
 But they don't seem the same.

Gee I get that lonesome feeling  
 When I hear those church bells chime  
 Those wedding bells are breaking up  
 That old gang of mine.

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh, the world is full of guys, who think they're might wise  
 Just because they know a thing or two  
 You can seem them night and day, strolling up and down Broadway  
 Telling of the things that they can do  
 Oh there are wise men and they are boozers  
 Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around  
     the Metropole  
 Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars  
 They all have that ace down in the hole.

Some of them write to the old folks, for coin  
 That's their old ace in the hole  
 Others have girls on the old tender-loin  
 That's their old ace in the hole  
 They'll tell you of places that they're going to see  
 From Frisco to the old north pole  
 But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud  
 If they lost that old ace in the hole

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when they had it through  
 They thought they had a ship, that the water would never come through,  
 But the Lord almighty's hand, said the ship would never land,  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh it was sad, oh, it was sad  
 It was sad when that great ship went down  
 To the bottom of the .....  
 Husbands and wives, ittie bittie children lost their lives  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

T'was on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing England's shore  
 And the rich refused to associate with the poor,  
 So they put the poor below where they were the first to go,  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

They were nearing England's shore and were heading for the dock  
 When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock  
 Oh the captain tried to wire, but the wire was on fire  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

Then the ship began to list, and the lights began to flicker  
 And a drunk cried out, my God where is my likker,  
 So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around,  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark and stormy sea,  
 And the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee"  
 Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side  
 It was sad when that great ship went down.

SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots  
 Fuck 'em all  
 Oh come 'round us fighter pilots  
 Fuck 'em all  
 Oh we fly the God damn plane  
 Through the flak and through the rain  
 And tomorrow we'll do it again  
 So fuck 'em all

(61) Cont'd

Oh they tell us not to think  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think  
Just to dive and just to jink  
L. B. J. 's a God damn fink  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed MuGia Pass  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass  
Though we only made one pass  
They really stuck it up our ass  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a J. C. S.  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we're on a J. C. S.  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they sent the whole damn wing  
Probably half of us will sing  
What a silly fucking thing  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we lost our fucking way  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we strafed God damn Hanoi  
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy  
What a God damn fucking joy  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh my bird got all shot up  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh my bird got all shot up  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh my bird it did get shot  
And I'll probably cry a lot  
But I think that its shit hot,  
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute  
Fuck 'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute  
Fuck 'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute  
Comes this silly fucking toot  
And hangs a medal on my root  
So fuck 'em all.

(62)

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying south  
We're flying fucking north  
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah. Glory,  
Glory Hallelujah.

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill  
We fly with fucking luck  
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

(62) Cont'd

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying up  
We're flying fucking down  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

(63)

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head  
Wherever I may roam  
O'er land or sea or foam  
You will always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home.

(64)

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits  
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice  
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits  
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me  
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,  
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

(65)

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high into the sun  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one hell of a roar,  
We live in fame, or go down in flame,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
The vastness of the sky,

(65) Cont'd

To a friend we send a message of  
His brother men who fly,  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold,  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
The U. S. Air Force.

(66)

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea  
All the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_  
And this is what he said  
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all,  
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots shouted "balls".  
When up stepped a young Lieutenant  
With a voice as harsh as brass  
"YOU CAN TAKE THOSE DAM SABRES JETS  
AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ASS"

Chorus:

Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah, throw a nickle on the grass,  
Save a fighter pilots ass,  
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah, throw a nickle on the grass  
And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per  
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me, sir,  
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my ass.

I shoot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
The airspeed read one-twenty, my God I racked it tight  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground,  
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around,  
I racked that Sabres in the air a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S'ed on to my bomb run, I got too goddamn low  
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go,  
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"  
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak,  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I'm too young to die.

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line  
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line  
When I opened my ration tin, to see what was in it  
The Goddamn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit,  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there.

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot,  
They brag about the "Bluetails", that they've so often shot  
One thing they don't remember, when they all holler and hoot  
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home  
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam  
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly  
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down,  
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scrapped the ground  
The Colonel he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun  
But then I met the F.E.B., Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast,  
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last,  
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks  
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach  
That Sabre jet was moving now, falling like a rock,

(66) Cont'd

My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound  
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear,  
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near  
I went before the F. E. B., and they gave me the works,  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low,  
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"  
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother, when the works all done this fall.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near,  
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst  
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

(67)

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things  
Now I don't want them anymore  
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die  
I've had a belly full of war.  
You can save those bloody Zero's, for the goddamn heros  
Distinguished flying crosses, do not compensate for losses, Buster.

Chorus:

I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames  
I've no desire to be burned  
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants,  
I'm not a fighter pilot I have learned.  
You can save those Mitsubi's, for those other sons-of-bitches,  
Cause I'd rather lay a woman that be shot down in a Grumman, Buster.

Now I'm too young to die in a lousy PBY  
That's for the eager not for me  
I won't trust to luck, to be picked up by a duck  
After I've crashed into the sea  
Cause I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top  
With my hand around a bottle not a goddamn throttle, Buster.

(67) Contd

Now I don't care to tour, over Berlin or the Ruhr  
Flak always makes me park my lunch  
I get no hey, when they holler "bombs away"  
I'd rather be at home with the bunch.  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off,  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
For I'd rather be home with my ass than a cluster, Buster.

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow  
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew  
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating sex  
And that's when I'll tell the coach I'm through,  
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'  
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of power,  
Buster.

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes  
I always smoke one for my guts  
They make them by the tons, but I haven't got a one  
Oh what I'd give to have a butt,  
Now the home front be pitching, but I still will do my bitching,  
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some  
nookie, Buster.

(68)

#### JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come  
Let's all go join the fun  
The bridges, dams and power plants  
The schools, the kids, and even ants  
Will know the awesome sound  
Of bombs hitting the ground  
They'll shiver, they'll quiver  
Gee, war is fun.

(69)

#### JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-of-five  
Flying thru the flak, never looking back  
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMS are called away  
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today.

(69) Cont'd

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day.

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,  
Daddy Vulcan strikes again  
Our Christmas gift to you.

70

#### LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh little town of Ho Chi Men  
How safe you think you lie  
Beneath your ring of SA2's  
You think the Fives won't fly.  
Yet thru the cloud dect raineth  
A deadly trail of bombs  
Too late for fear, the end is near  
How about that One-O-Five.

(71)

#### KOTEX SONG

Tune: Caissons Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the smell, she isn't feeling well  
When the end of the month rolls around  
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms  
When the end of the month rolls around  
For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry  
Call out your sizes loud and strong  
Super-Junior-Band-aid  
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow  
When the end of the month rolls around.

(72)

#### WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose  
And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze  
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco  
I just want to see my little Nipponeese.

(73)

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier  
An old used condom and a glass of beer,  
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear  
These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street  
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat  
There are the things I love.

(74)

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane  
Her master he was kind to her, her mistress was the same,  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
And he was the cause of all her misery.

Chorus:

Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead,  
And she like a shy girl, thinking it no harm  
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm.

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say,  
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done,  
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son  
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air".

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,  
Is never trust a pilot and inch above the knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
She'll never fly a fighter  
Like her daddy used to do.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house  
That is my one desire  
Some people may be bankers  
Or farmers out in Butte  
I just want to play in a house of ill repute.

Now you may think this strange, my advocation  
But cardinal copulation's here to stay,  
I don't want fame or riches  
I want to play for those old bitches  
I want to play piano in a whore house.

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

Tune: Cigarettes and Saki

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
Flex Fox-eighty-sizes at old Victorville  
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"  
The next thing I knew, I was stuck in Taegu.

Chorus:

Kuni-ri and Antung and wild wild pyong-yang,  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

We go to the briefing while it is still night  
We lift off the runway before it is light  
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way  
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, the sun's overhead  
We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds,  
We drop our big tips and we break to the right,  
Bingo we cry with all of our might.

We turn on 280, we're up in the soup  
We swear that the leader is doing a loop,  
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2  
Be careful or Willie will write about you.

On the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice,  
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice,  
But ask a foot soldier and he'll set your plum straight  
It's covered with Red's blood imbedded with hate.

(75) Cont'd

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race,  
A man is a monkey to give a chase,  
Here's my description, take warning dear brother,  
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "no sweat"  
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet  
Six MIGs jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "break"  
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake.

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore,  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care,  
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track  
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flak  
But the guns from that place would make day out of night  
Oh God how I wish all I did was dog fight.

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine  
The Sui-ho reservoir is plainly seen  
But MIGs out of Antung send sweat down my back  
So I head for Kanggye and get shot down by flak.

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed - what a sound  
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground,  
I showed them my blood chit, they said "No sweat Mac"  
They hand me an A frame, now I'm walking back.

(76)

### PUFF

Puff the tragic wagon  
Came across the sea  
Conceited turds in gooney birds  
They came to kill VC

The VC shook in terror  
When they appeared  
The mini ones with mini guns  
A sticking out their rear.

Puff the tragic wagon  
At DaNang by the sea  
Though Finkelman is number one  
His waist is 63.

(76) Cont'd

The FC-47  
Flies all afternoon  
Half a day of boredom in  
A silly fucking goon.

(77)

### THE CUCKOO SONG

Now the cuckoo is a strange bird  
It sits on the grass  
With it's wings neatly folded  
And it's beak up it's ass

(78)

### IT'S TRAGIC

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut  
It's tragic.  
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair,  
It's tragic.  
It takes one look to know you have no charms  
You're just a gob of bones with long surrounding arms,  
Your eyes are big and round  
There's one blue and one that's brown  
It's tragic.  
You part your hair in place  
And it keeps sliding down your face,  
It's tragic.  
And as I tell myself  
These things that happen are not really true  
Yet in my hear I know, the tragedy is really you.

(79)

### DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tune: March of the Toy Soldiers

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro  
Can you tie them in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow  
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European soldier  
Do your balls hang low.

In days of old when knights were bold  
They shit in their britches

(79) Cont'd

They wiped their ass with broken glass  
Those tough old sons of bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold  
And women wore mere trifles  
They hung their balls upon the walls  
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold  
And women weren't particular  
They bound them up against the wall,  
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold  
They wore all leather britches  
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks  
And yelled like sons of bitches.

(80)

LITTLE RED HEAVEN

Tune: My Blue Heaven

A turn to the right, a little red light  
Will lead you to my red heaven,  
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase,  
A form divine,  
Just a little old whore who's been screwed before  
A thousand times.  
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three  
We're careful in our red heaven.

(81)

JOLLY, JOLLY BANGKOK

I don't want to be a pilot  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Jolly Bangkok on the ground  
Living off the earnings of my high priced lady.  
Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
Wednesday success, I lifted up her dress  
Thursday her chemise I did see.  
Now Friday I put my hand upon it  
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch,

(81) Cont'd

But it was Sunday after supper  
I rammed the old boy up her  
And now she earns me fifty Baht a week.  
I don't want to be a pilot  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Jolly Bangkok on the ground  
Living off the earnings of my high priced lady.  
I don't want a bullet up my asshole  
I don't want my buttocks shot away  
I just want to stay in Bangkok  
Jolly, jolly Bangkok  
And fornicate my bloody life away.

(82)

WHEN THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

Tune: My Home in Indiana

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor  
And the 85s start puffing round Kep Bay  
You will know your target's just beyond that mountain  
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh you reach your pull up point and start your pop up  
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,  
You see the bridge as you start to roll in  
And you wonder if the MIGs will come out to play.

You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running  
Jinking hard you're on your merry way  
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges  
You wonder if the MIGs will come out to play.

You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly  
The fuel is low but not too bad you say,  
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy  
If only the MIGs don't come out to play.

Your climbing now and starting to rest easy  
A drin of water helps you on your way  
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know  
The MIGs have fi-nal-ly come out to play.

Your burners in your diving down, your running  
But his overtake is far too much today  
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin  
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play.

DOODLE-LEE-DOO

Please sing to me that sweet melody  
 Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo,  
 I like the rest but the part I like best  
 Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo,  
 Simplest thing, there isn't much to it  
 All you go to do is doodle-lee-doo it  
 I love it so, wherever I go  
 I doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

Two little lovers, under the covers  
 What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo,  
 I would suggest that they should undress  
 And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.  
 Cherries are red, ready for picking  
 I'm sixteen and I'm ready for highschool  
 I love it so, wherever I go,  
 I doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

Please do to me what you did to Marie  
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
 It must have been real, 'cause I heard Marie squeal  
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night.  
 Don't know what, what you were doing  
 Somebody said you were doodle-lee-dooing  
 I love it so, wherever I go  
 I doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show  
 Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 She made a hit just playing her bit  
 In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
 Twenty-four hours, that'sll there was to it  
 How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it  
 Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice  
 But doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time  
 In the vilest way that you know  
 To the best things in life  
 I am utterly oblivious  
 Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious

Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know-  
Ravage me, savage me  
Utterly damage me  
On me no mercy bestow.  
Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Prelude:

There was a ball, a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir,  
Four and twenty prostitutes shagging on the moor  
Oh the king was in his country house, counting out his wealth  
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

Chorus:

Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo  
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo.

Oh the birde was in the bedroom explaining to the groom  
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front  
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot in her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantle piece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats,  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks  
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

Oh the village blacksmith he was there, his hammer and his awls  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs  
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, the bugger would na dance  
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

(85) Cont'd

The burly Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores.

The village cripple he was there, he couldn't do very much  
So he laid them on the carpet and fucked them with his crutch.

The chimneysweep he was there, we had to put him out  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox  
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest  
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

(86)

### LYDIA PINKHAM

Chorus:

Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham  
And her love for the human race  
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle  
And every lable bears her face.

Now Mrs. Murphy, had husband trouble  
She did not like to fiddle-de-dee  
But after taking a bottle of compound  
They had to tie her to a tree.

Now Mrs. Murphy had baby trouble  
She could not have a baby dear  
But she took a bottle of compound  
Now she has them twice a year.

Now Mrs. Murphy had titty trouble  
To feed her baby she knew not how  
But after taking a bottle of compound  
They had to milk her like a cow.

Now Mrs. Murphy had kidney trouble  
In the morning she could not pee  
But after taking a bottle of compound  
They had to pipe her out to sea.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

T'was on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,  
The figurehead was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampart penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging  
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon  
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy  
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

The midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper  
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mable, whenever she was able  
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table.

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water  
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces  
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station  
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masterbation.

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town  
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down,  
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch  
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus:

Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly  
You know the one I mean, the one I mean  
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey day  
With Lilly, my blackout queen.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face  
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace  
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark burnette  
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget.

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy, are you lonesome, are you blue  
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do  
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid,  
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms  
She gave to me very all, and all her buxom charms  
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat,  
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,  
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed,  
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice  
What she did for twenty quid, was cheaper at half the price.

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES

Tune: Coffee in Brazil

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater  
Though she may not be as big as she appears  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russells  
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beer  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

So round---so firm---and so fully packed  
You'll find it's really just an act  
Give a girl a Balli bra and she will grow---grow---grow.

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy  
And a hundred thousand women volunteers  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

(89) Cont'd

So fellows 'fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater,  
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

(90)

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's  
To the place where Louie dwells  
To the dear old Temple bar we love so well  
Sit the whiffenpoofs assembled  
With their glasses raised up high  
And the magic of their singing casts a spell  
Yes, the magic of their singing  
Of the songs we love so well  
"Shall I Wasting" and "Mavourneen" and the rest  
We serenade our Louie  
While life and voice shall last  
And in passing be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little jocks who have lost our way  
Baa, baa, baa  
We are little black sheep who have gone astray  
Baa, baa, baa  
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree  
Doomed from here to eternity  
Lord have mercy on such as we  
Baa, baa, baa.

(91)

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head  
Wherever I may roam  
O'er land or sea or foam  
You can always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my habitual abode  
I'm fatigued and I wish to retire  
Well, I had a short snort an hour ago  
And it went right to my celeberum

(91) Cont'd

Wherever I may perambulate  
O'er land or sea or real estate  
You can always here me articulate this melody  
Indicate the way to my abode.

(92)

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl, yes I do, deed I do  
I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her tits, tiddly tits, tiddly tits  
And her nut brown ass hole  
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp  
With a wooden spoon.

(93)

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold  
And the maidens the fairest of fair  
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a shiek  
One Abdul Abbulbal Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town  
By a Russian who came from afar  
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride  
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.  
So this spectacle great was all set for a date  
T'was to be refereed by the Czar  
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined  
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack  
And the starter's gun punctured the air  
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size  
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn  
And Abdul revved up like a car  
But he hadn't a hope against the long greasy stroke  
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

(93) Cont'd

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun  
He bent down to pick up his pair  
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot  
And Abdul the bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen  
They were ordered apart by the Czar  
But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck  
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were broken  
It was laughed at for years by the Czar  
For Abdul, the fool had left half of his tool  
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

(94)

#### CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens  
No eggs would they lay  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, "Honey, it strikes me funny  
We're loosing money", no eggs would they lay.  
One day a rooster flew into our yard  
And caught those chickens right off their guard  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to  
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.

(95)

#### THE ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR'S LAMENT

Tune: I Don't Know Why

I don't know why your airplane didn't fly  
I don't know why but its true,  
I don't know why your airplane didn't fly  
There's nothing that you can do  
The engine stopped a churning  
The damned thing just fell  
With the ass end burning  
I don't know why your airplane didn't fly  
I don't know why she just do.

I don't know why your lanyard didn't pull  
I don't know why but its true,

(95) Cont'd

I don't know know why your lanyard didn't work  
There's nothing that you could do  
As you fell in a panic  
The damned thing should of opened  
Au---to---ma---tic  
I don't know why your lanyard didn't pull  
I don't know why she just do.

I don't know why your dingy didn't work  
I don't know why but its true  
I don't know why your dingy didn't float  
There's nothing that you could do  
Below you the Cobras were hissing  
Though you reached for the handle  
The damned thing was missing  
I don't know why your dingy didn't work  
I don't know why she just do.

I know why your airplane hit the ground  
I know why and its true  
I know why your airplane hit the ground  
There's something that you could do  
The airplane just spun about  
After McCurdy  
Had stepped out  
I know why your airplane hit the ground  
It was because of you.

(96)

HELP, HELP, HELP  
Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

From a hootch in Southeast Asia  
To the place where aces dwell  
To the strip club down at Luke we knew so well

Sing the fighter jocks assembled  
With their glasses held on high  
In a toast unto a comrad who just fell

Sing the fighter jocks assembled  
With their glasses raised up high  
Sing they poorly, not to clearly, loud as well.

We throw our glasses wildly  
And throw our bombs as well  
And the brass at 7AF can go to hell.

(96) Cont'd

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost our way  
Help, help, help  
We flew to the town of Hanoi today,  
Help, help, help  
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue  
Lead got zapped by a SA-2  
Lets haul ass or they'll zapp us too  
A-----B-----now.

(97)

THE HO-CHI-MIHN TRAIL

Tune: Along the Navaho Trail

Everyday along about sunrise  
When the sky line is beginning to pale  
I load six seven-fifties  
And fly the Ho-Chi-Mihn Trail.

I hate to see the flak a bursting around me  
I shiver when I think about it's sting  
But over yonder hill the SAMs are rising  
They always seem to yank my pucker string.

Well what do you know it's Bingo already  
And Two hundred's the course that I sail  
Tomorro I'll load some more seven-fifties  
And fly the Ho-Chi-Mihn Trail.

(98)

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE

Tune: Chisolm Trail

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny  
She said, boy you can't have any.

Chorus:

Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree  
Come and tie my root around a tree.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickle  
She said, for that you don't even get a tickle.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime  
She said, young man you're wasting your time.

(98) Cont'd

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter  
She said that she was a preacher's daughter.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half  
She said, young man you make me laugh.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits  
All she did was wiggle her tits.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck  
She said, young man you've bought a fuck.

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink  
Oh my gosh, how her pussy did stink.

Fucked her sitting, fucked her lyin'  
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flying.

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw  
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball

I went to the doctor, cause my pecker was sore  
My god said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see I'm a peckerless man  
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can

Now the last time I saw her, and I ain't seen her since  
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence.

(99)

#### I SAW HER SNATCH

I saw her snatch her satchel from the window  
I held her for a moment in the rain  
I kissed her as she hurried to the station  
To see her brother 'Jack off' the train.

(100)

#### KATHUSELEM

In ancient days there lived a maid  
Who used to ply a filthy trade  
A prostitute of ill repute  
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem  
Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare  
Upon her gash there grew no hair  
For hair won't grow on a thorofare  
Like the snatch of old Kathuselem.

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red  
For forty years it had not bled  
It smelled as though it had been dead  
Since the founding of Jeruselem.

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch  
A god damn fucking son of a bitch  
And every pecker that had the itch  
Had dangled in Kathuselem.

Next door there lived a giant tall  
His prick of steel could smash a wall  
His balls hung down like basketballs  
The giant of old Jeruselem.

One night returning from a spree  
A quite consistant jubilee  
His balls hung well below his knee  
He chanced across Kathuselem.

And so he challanged her to fuck  
And wishing her the best of luck  
He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook.

He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook  
For forty yards it throbbed and shook  
The walls of old Jeruselem.

The giant of old was underslung  
He missed her cunt and hit her bung  
And with his giant pecker stung  
The pride of all Jeruselem.

Kathuselem she knew her art  
She cocked her ass and blew a fart  
She blew him like a bloody dart  
Through the walls of old Jeruselem.

And there he lay a borken mass  
His cock all bent with shit and gas  
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass  
All over the walls of Jeruselem.

## NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
The autopilot's on, he's reading sex books in the john  
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged, and his women over-aged  
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

When a bomber pilot walks into our club  
When a bomber pilot walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
He just sits and flubs his dub  
When a bomber pilot walks into our club.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
They're all up above, drinking whiskey, making love  
Oh, there are not fighter pilots down in hell

Hey, look at the (unit) in this club  
Hey, look at the (unit) in this club  
They don't party, they don't sing  
44th does everything  
Hey, look at the (unit) in this club

## RED NOSE MIGS (Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming  
Not a Sabre in sight  
Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming  
And they want to fight  
Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home  
Oh, a Sabre in sight

(103)

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG  
(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back  
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief  
And a quick triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save  
But a quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave  
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust  
Not one MIG in a thousand a Sabre Jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down  
All day we can hear, this horrible sound  
They'll have a short meeting, that you dare not miss  
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more  
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

(104)

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow  
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low  
He put on an air show, he did it for me  
On top of Mt. Fuji, he clobbered a tree  
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass  
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

(105)

MIG-15 (Tune: I T'ought I Saw a Pussycat)

I t'ought I saw a MIG-15, a tweeping up on me  
I did, I did, I saw him, as big as he could be  
I am that treat big MIG-15, Ivan is my name  
And if I catch that 84, I'll shoot him down in flame.

(106)

OUR BABY

Our baby died last night,  
She died of suicide  
I think she died to spite us  
Of spinal meningitis  
She was a nasty baby anyhow  
We ate her \_\_\_\_\_ Yum, Yum.

TAEGU GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we  
We don't believe in virginity - Oh horse--shit!  
We don't use candles we use broom handles  
We are the Taegu girls.

And every night at twelve on the clock  
We watch the white man piss on the ROK  
We like the way he handles his cock  
We are the Taegu girls

And every year at our annual dance  
We go around without any pants  
We like to give those pilots a chance  
We are the Taegu girls.

TO THE REGULARS (Tune: Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Kore  
I can't forget Kunsan  
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin  
Have made me feel at home.  
I flew across the bombline  
And got a hole or two  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you, and you, and you.

Chorus: Oh I was called to risk my ass  
And save the UN too  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you, and you, and you.

The AA was terrific  
The small arms were intense  
While flyboys bombed the front lines  
The division did the rest.  
While the regulars held their desk jobs  
The reserves were called in mass  
For the UN knew the air reserve  
Was the one to save their ass.

I love you dear old USA  
With all my aching heart  
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves  
We'd never had to part.

But we won't cry and we won't squawk  
For we are not alone  
For one of these days the regulars'll come  
And we can all go home.

Now we don't mind the hardships  
We've faced them in the past  
But we wonder if our Congressmen  
Have had forties up their ass.  
We have to fight to save the peace  
That's what the bastards said  
But when you check the casualties  
You'll find no senators dead.

I'm going to raise a family  
When this war is over  
I hope to have a bouncing boy  
To tell my stories too  
But someday when he grows up  
If he joins the air reserve  
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk  
For that's what he'll deserve.

#### THE CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory  
The captain he rides in the gig  
It don't go a damn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus:      Singing toraly, toraly, toraly,  
                  A toraly, toraly A  
                  It don't go a damn bit faster  
                  But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of a camel  
Is greater than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He often makes love to the Sphinx.

How the sphinx's posterier organs  
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

## OH, RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Oh, rip the feathers away, away  
 Oh, rip the feathers away  
 Oh, the ass of a duck  
 Makes a wonderful fuck  
 If you rip the feathers away.

## ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today  
 Cheaper than yesterday  
 Little boys cost half a crown  
 Standing up or lying down.  
 Larger boys cost seven and six  
 Cause they take bigger pricks  
 Ass holes are cheap today  
 Are cheap today.

## THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction  
 Full of Brandy and full of Wine  
 The opic of conversation was  
 Your cunt's no bigger than mine.

Chorus:      Roly, roly, tickle hoely  
                  Slippery slimey slue  
                  Rattle your nuts across my guts  
                  I'm one of the worse crew.

The first old whore got up and said  
 My cunt's as big as the air  
 They birds fly in and birds fly out  
 And never touch a hair.

The second old whore got up and said  
 My cunt's as big as the moon  
 A man went in in January  
 And didn't come out till June.

The third old whore got up and said  
 Man you're all talking balls  
 Cause when I have my periods  
 It's like Niagra Falls.

## BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
 Beside his shattered Saber Jet, a young pursuiter lay  
 His parachute hung from a tree, he was not yet quite dead  
 So listen to the very last words, this young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright  
 Where whiskey flows from telephone poles, play poker every night  
 We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing  
 And all our crews are women, oh death where is they sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,  
 Oh death where is thy sting  
 The bells of hell may ring, ting-a-ling  
 For you but not for me.

Oh, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass  
 Ting-a-ling, a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass  
 Ting-a-ling, a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass  
 Better days are coming bye and bye.

## NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sara McFox  
 With hair on her chest and cheese in her box  
 She married a man named Patrick McCall  
 With a very short peter and no balls at all.

Chorus:     No balls at all  
              No balls at all  
              A very short peter  
              And no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed  
 They took all their clothes off and went straight to bed  
 She reached for his pecker, it was very small  
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do  
 I've married a man who never can screw  
 I've reached for his pecker, it was very small  
 I've reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't be sad  
 It was the same trouble I had with your dad,

(116) Cont'd

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice  
And found the results most exceedingly nice  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

(117)

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS  
(Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Parties, banquets and balls, boys  
Parties, banquets and balls,  
As President Johnson has said before  
There's only one way to stay out of war  
That's with parties banquets and balls, boys  
Parties, banquets and balls.  
We'll have parties and banquets and  
Banquets and parties  
And Balls, balls, Balls.

(118)

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down  
Mother has promised to pay  
Mother is drunk, father's in jail  
Sister's in a family way  
Brother dear is mighty queer  
Times are fucking hard  
So please don't burn the shithouse down  
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

(119)

A BABBLING BROOK

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow  
Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, oh you lucky fellow  
Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger  
She said, "Young man if you are through, I'll finish with my finger.  
So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted  
He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that is how they parted.  
Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow  
The pimples pink were on his dink but there'll be more tomorrow.  
Nine months went by and she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow  
Two little mutts were in her guts but they'll be out tomorrow.

## NELLY DARLING

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling  
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
 There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy  
 You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen.

There's a yard of lip protruding from your navel  
 And when you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass  
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle  
 So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

## PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been down in an Irishman's shanty  
 Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty  
 A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch  
 And a string on the door instead of a latch  
 Now there were ice picks and toothpicks  
 And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream  
 The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget  
 The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet.  
 Now the night that Paddy Murphy died, they came from far and near  
 They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
 That's how we showed our honor and our pride  
 That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
 On the night that Paddy died.

## STREET CLEANER SONG (Tune: Carolina in the Morning)

Nothing could be meaner  
 Than to be a street cleaner  
 In the morning  
 Nothing makes your bluer  
 Than to pick up horse manure  
 In the morning.

When the horses unload  
 That's what I really hate  
 Cleaning up horse manure  
 From four A.M. till eight

(122) Cont'd

Strolling with my pushcart  
When the breezes smell like cheezes  
In the morning.

There's nothing more I fear  
Than a horse with diarrhea  
In the morning.  
Why can't they drop those little balls  
That don't stick to my overalls  
In the morning.

If I had Alladan's Lamp for only a day  
I would make a wish or two  
And here's what I'd say  
I wish they put glasses  
All round those horses asses  
In the morning.

(123)

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the instructors  
Who taught me to fly  
Sent me to solo and left me to die  
So if ever your blow jet should stall  
You're in for one hell of a fall  
No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the sergeants  
The sour puss ones  
Bless all the Corporals and their dopey sons  
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
So while we are here, bless 'em all.

## COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say  
 We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day  
 While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind  
 We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
 Oh come and join the Air Force and you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire  
 You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer  
 But just when you're about to be a General you'll find  
 The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

And when you loop and sign her and with an awful tear  
 You find yourself without your wings but you will never care  
 For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
 You'll fly with Pete and his angles sweet, but you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean, you hear the engine quit,  
 You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit  
 The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind  
 Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

I fly up to the Yalu, in my F-86  
 And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX  
 I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits  
 It will be up there all by itsel, cause I will shit and get.

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-15 he'll shoot you down in flames  
 No used to belly aching and calling the bastard names  
 You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find  
 You'll fly with Pete and his angles sweet, but you will never mind.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads and we don't give a damn  
 About the grounding points of view and all that shot of ham  
 We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind  
 And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind.

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn  
 About those paper shufflin types with heads just like a ham  
 We want a hundred planes or so all ready on the line  
 And they can pad those swivel chairs and we will never mind.

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire  
 You're riding on a gravy train when you're in the admin mire  
 The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find  
 With noses in place, don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

(125)

## YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier  
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread upon his rear  
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, books and such  
You can tell a fighter pilot BUT YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH.

(126)

## ITAZUKE TOWER

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rust of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gits me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on my downwind leg, my prop has orverrun  
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better get the crash crew out, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower  
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
So take it once around again, your not a VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on my downwind leg, I see your bisquit gun  
My engine's running ragged and the collant's gonna blow  
I'm going to prang a mustang so look out below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung  
I'm gonna land this mustang, no matter what you say  
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day.

Air Force 801 this is judgement day  
You're in pilots heaven and you are here to stay  
You just bought a mustang and you bought it well  
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell.

(127)

## DIRTY LIL

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil  
Lives on top of garbbage hill  
Never washes  
Never will  
Ach, Tui, Dirty Lil

## OLD GRAY BUSTLE (Tune: Old Gray Bonnet)

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle  
 For tomorrow the rent's coming due  
 Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over  
 If you can't get five take two.

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your Auntie's  
 And we'll go for a tussel in the hay  
 Now there's no use ducking cause you're gonna get a fucking  
 In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit for ce it  
 For the fleet is coming in today  
 As the bees make honey let your ass make money  
 In the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment which is the crabs disappointment  
 And we'll kill those bastard where they lay  
 Tho' it scratches and it itches, it will kill those sons of bitches  
 In the good old fashioned way.

## FLAK SHOWER

Although flak showers may come your way  
 They'll bring the panic that makes you say  
 My fuel is bingo, I'm going home  
 So if you want to stay and fight you may  
 Stay and fight alone.  
 I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
 I'll live to come back someother day  
 So keep on strafing that position  
 And knock it out for me  
 I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

## THE LITTLE GREY RAT

Oh the pale moon shone on the barroom floor  
 The bar was closed for the night  
 Then out of his hole came the little grey rat  
 And he sat in the place in the moonlight  
 He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor  
 And back on his haunches he sat  
 And all night long you can hear him call  
 Bring on the Goddamn cat.

THE DUCHESS

Oh, the duchess, she was dressing  
Dressing for the ball  
When out the window  
She did spy him  
Pissing on the wall.

Chorus: With his little white kidney wiper  
And balls the size of these  
And half a yard of foreskin  
Hanging down below his knees  
Oh, hanging down  
Oh, hanging down  
With a half a yard of foreskin  
Hanging down below his knees.

So, she sent him a letter  
And in it she did say  
I'd rather be fucked by you  
Than my husband any day.

So, he mounted on his charger  
And through the streets he did ride  
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder  
And his cock lashed to his side.

Oh, he road into the courtyard  
He road into the hall  
"My God!", cried the butler  
"He's come to fuck us all!"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen  
He fucked the maid in the hall  
But when he fucked the butler  
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Then he mounted on his charger  
And road into the streets  
With little drops of semen  
Pitter-pattering at his feet.

Oh, they say he's gone to Hades  
They say he's down in hell  
They say he fucks the devil  
And I know he fucks him well.

## EARLY ABORT (Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group  
 Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop  
 I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black  
 I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back.

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
 Early abort, avoid the rush  
 Oh, my name's Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, I'm the leader of the group

My name is Major \_\_\_\_\_, and I lead old liberty  
 And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me  
 But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do  
 Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do  
 But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
 The pilots they are ready, but let the skipper shout  
 And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check-out"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing  
 Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing  
 With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanna go too  
 But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do.

Oh, I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great  
 But when it comes to fighting MIGs, those bastards just don't rate  
 I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
 But when it comes to fighting MIGs I'll tell you what I'll do.

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten  
 And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again  
 We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been  
 Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in..

Oh, we fly those bloody Sabre at a hundred bloody feet  
 We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
 We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north  
 And we make our bloody landfall at the First of bloody forth.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet  
 We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet  
 And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low  
 And we hit maker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the USA  
 We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say  
 But if we have another war and they give us the '86  
 To hell with all the Generals staff, we won't get in that fix.

## THE WEASEL BEARS' PICNIC

If you go up into the sky today  
 You will probably go alone.  
 If you go into a dive today  
 No bear will screech or moan.  
 For every bear that ever there was  
 Is on the ground for certain because,  
 Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic  
 They all sit around the pool today  
 And steadily bitch and moan.

This lack of action in the skys  
 They barely can condone.  
 Assistant fighter pilots are they,  
 They feel like a horse whose put to hay.  
 Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

Just put us back into the Thud they say  
 And our souls will be content.  
 Just put us into the skys to play,  
 A night BUF will pay the rent.  
 Please leave us no more down on the ground  
 Cause in the pool we almost did drown,  
 Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

Anon

## THE GRUNT SONG

Chorus: I said where in the hell do you all come from  
 There's something I'd like to know  
 They live around the base and they take up all  
 the space I'd like to tell them all just where to go.

Well we came to old Korat in the year of 69  
 To stay and fight the war upon the front  
 They told us about the flak and sams and the natives too  
 But forgot to warn us all about the grunt.

They beat you to the dining hall, they beat you to the bar,  
 You have to stand in line in the latrine  
 I don't know if they plan it all or leave it all to chance  
 But it makes the pilots think its mighty mean.

You see them at the swimming pool and at coffee all day long  
 And a lot of other things that I forgot  
 I think the devil hird em and sent em everyone  
 to really make it hell in old Korat.

We'll gamble you at poker or the'll gamble you at dice  
 I tell you men I think its getting worse  
 I asked them for the change to a twenty dollar bill  
 And the bastard almost hit me with his purse.

Oh KBA, Oh KBA

How still your bodies lie today  
With arms and legs thrown all around  
And entrails spilling on the ground  
Oh KBA, Oh KBA  
How many will we get today

Oh KBA, Oh KBA  
Raven Four-One will not say  
How many bodies still do lie  
Beneath the Barrel's monsoon sky  
Oh KBA, Oh KBA  
How many will we get today

Oh KBA, Oh KBA  
We have had one shit-hot day  
Four-hundred twenty fucking eight  
Our bombing runs were really great  
Oh KBA, Oh KBA  
How nice it is to kill for pay.

I Love My Bear

I love my Bear, Yes I do, Yes I do  
I love that asshole  
I love the scope that he looks into  
I love his blips, tiddely-ips, tiddely-ips  
and his little black boxes  
He'll fly until his ass is black and blue

(137) CRASH BURN & DIE

He was truning base to final when he got a little slow  
He ignored the frantic warning of the friendly LSO  
By the time he added power he was just a little low  
He'll never fly home again

Chorus (2 Part)

Glory, Glory what a helluva way to die  
Stall spin crash burn and die  
Glory, Glory what a helluva way to die  
Stall spin crash burn and die  
Glory, Glory what a helluva way to die  
Stall spin crash burn and die  
He'll never fly home again

There were little bits of metal all around the navy base  
And bloody pools of guts and gore to mark his resting place  
He wears a mark 4 gunsight where he used to wear his face  
He'll never fly home again.

Chorus

Ten thousand dollars from the navy to his wife  
Ten thousand dollars from the navy to his wife  
Lots more cash and a lot less family strife  
He'll never fly home again

(138) LUPE

Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow  
Where whore mongers florish and cock suckers grow  
Twas there I met Lupe the girl I adore  
She's my hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore.

She got her first piece at the young age of eight  
While swinging one day on the old garden gate  
The cross bar went out and the upright went in  
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin

She'll fuck you she'll suck you she'll grow on your nuts  
She'll wrap her legs around you and squeeze out your guts  
She'll fuck you and suck you till you think you'll die  
Oh I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie

4200  
Oh Lupe dear Lupe lies dead in her tomb  
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb  
But the smile on her face is a mute cry for more  
She's my hot fucking cock sucking Mexican whore

VELLS

DR.

All Around is Desolation

All around is desolation  
 All around is woe and gloom  
 Sister missed her mens  
 Mother has a fallen womb

Sister Sue has been aborted  
 for the fourty second time  
 Brother Bill has been deported  
 for a sodomistic crime

All around is desolation  
 No one ever ever smiles  
 And our only recreation  
 is cracking rice for father's piles

140

Purple Twilight

We loop in the purple twilight  
 We spin in the silvery dawn  
 With black smoke trailing after  
 to show where our comrads have gone.

So stand to your glasses ready  
 don't let a tear fill your eye  
 Here's to the dead already  
 and Hurrah for the next man to die.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
 busom buddies while boozing are we  
 We are the boys that they send out to die  
 busom buddies while boozing are we.

Up there at seventh they set and they shout  
 Shout about things they know fuck all about  
 But we are the boys that they send out to die  
 busom buddies while boozing are we  
 busom buddies while boozing are we.

141

Secret Love

Once I had a secret love  
 that lived inside the heart of me  
 When I tried to pay my love  
 She said to you my love is free

When I asked her why her love was free  
 She said Sealy's mattress sponsors me  
 Last night we were on channel three  
 And my secret love's no secret anymore.

I want to play piano in a whorehouse

Oh I want to play piano in a whore house  
that has always been my one desire  
Now you may be a miner, or a rancher out in Butte  
but I'd rather play piano in a house of ill repute  
Please don't laugh at this my humble ovacation  
For capulation's here to stay  
I'd give up fame and riches  
just to play for those old bitches  
I want to play piano in a whore house

The Ballad of the Green Brassier

Let me tell you 'bout this girl  
She's a real Vietnam pearl  
She wore a flower above her ear  
And on her chest, a green brassier

Silver wings pressed to her breast  
Put there by America's best  
She's the girl we love so dear  
She's the girl in the green brassier

In the states a Vietnik waits  
burning cards at the White House gates  
He'll get none for about a year  
While we all share the green brassier

A VC shell fell from above  
left just one thing to remind us of  
that little girl we loved so dear...  
a slightly tattered green brassier

Put silver wings upon her stone  
to show the world she's not alone  
we love the girl who's buried here  
The girl who wore the green brassier